

Life

December 27, 1929

PRICE 10 CENTS



Society's Winter Paradise....Hawaii



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Any travel agent will gladly give you full particulars and arrange your bookings

CORAL sands gleam today with gay Cosmopolites lured from the far reaches of the earth. The throbbing colors of Deauville, Cannes, famed watering places of the world, merge with the lavish tints of the South Seas... their glistening greens and tropic golds and the million shifting shades between. The sparkle of Continental smartness is on great hotels that jewel the shore at Waikiki... Everywhere is the zest of anticipation... the vibrant thrill that marks the pre-holiday season in the Paradise Isles.

Sophisticates enticed by the bizarre have opened the season each year a little earlier. They have come to know the rapture of Christmas under a velvet sky... windows ablaze in the palaces of departed Hawaiian Kings... clear-throated carols ascending to pendant stars that glow like orbs of fire through the fronds of swaying palms... They come in the mellow beauty of autumn to linger until languorous spring bursts into the crashing colors of Hawaiian summer... For them winter is only a fiction... They know tonight the miracle of a moon of molten silver pouring its translucent sheen over majestic mountains and dancing waters... the haunting harmony of sobbing steel-guitars and plaintive voices that rise and fall on vagrant breezes that drift in from the sea.

They have learned that Hawaii is just a few days away... a land of enchantment at the end of a blissful interlude of sun and sea and sky on luxurious liners as proud as any that float. They know it as the magic place where shimmering rainbows drape verdant golf courses... where friendly beach-boys weave native hats or conquer racing waves, erect on charging surfboards... where sporty denizens of the deep lurk in constant challenge to the mettle of the ardent fisherman, or idle days may be dreamed away in tropic bowers still primitive and unspoiled.

You can go from any of the four great gateways of the Pacific in four to six days, according to the liner selected. And you do not have to bother with passports or other formalities. Hawaii is an integral part of the United States... —as much so as your own State...

December 27, 1929

Vol. 94

Number 2460

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue, New York
CHARLES DANA GIBSON, Chairman of the Board
CLAIR MAXWELL, President
LANGHORNE GIBSON, Vice-President
HENRY A. RICHTER, Secretary-Treasurer
NORMAN ANTHONY, Editor
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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Yearly Subscription Rate \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

National Installment Anthem

Buy a new auto and "Ride As You Pay."

Buy a piano and "Pay As You Play."

Buy a new topcoat and "Pay As You Wear."

Buy a new golf suit and "Pay As You Swear."

This be our motto, our hue and our cry:

"We pay as we live and we pay as we die."

Make a down payment on any old thing:

Silverware, radio set or a ring.

"Pay As You Use It," "Your Credit's Good Here."

These be the captions that fill us with cheer.

This be our slogan, who hearken and buy:

"We pay as we live and we pay as we die."

Buy a new sweeper and "Pay As You Sweep."

But a new mattress and "Pay As You Sleep."

Maybe we'll starve when we're old and we're gray

(This is a world where you eat as you pay)

Maybe we'll starve, but, *Shout It On High:*

"We'll pay as we live—we can PRAY as we die."

—Asia Kagowan.

A stingless shave to all men and 7 COOL shaves free!



OUR Christmas present of 7 cool Ingram shaves will give you a week of the smoothest, most bracing shaves you've ever known.

For Ingram's is cool—cool—COOL—COOL!

It's different—it's revolutionary! It makes shaving a bracing, stingless delight for every man who uses it.

Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face!

Ingram's deprives a razor of all those burning smarts and tiny, scorching nicks that every man bemoans. And it gives your face a clear, cool sensation that lasts—long after the job is finished.

With Ingram's you need no lotions, for Ingram's is a shaving cream, a tonic

and a skin freshener all in one. Because of its three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin when and while you shave.

If you'll just go to two minutes' trouble and clip the coupon just below you'll reward yourself with a week's start toward a life of cool and comfortable shaving. For the little Ingram sample is the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had.

So don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for the sample today.

You'll never regret it!

7

**COOL SHAVES
FREE**

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SHAVING CREAM**

"Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face"

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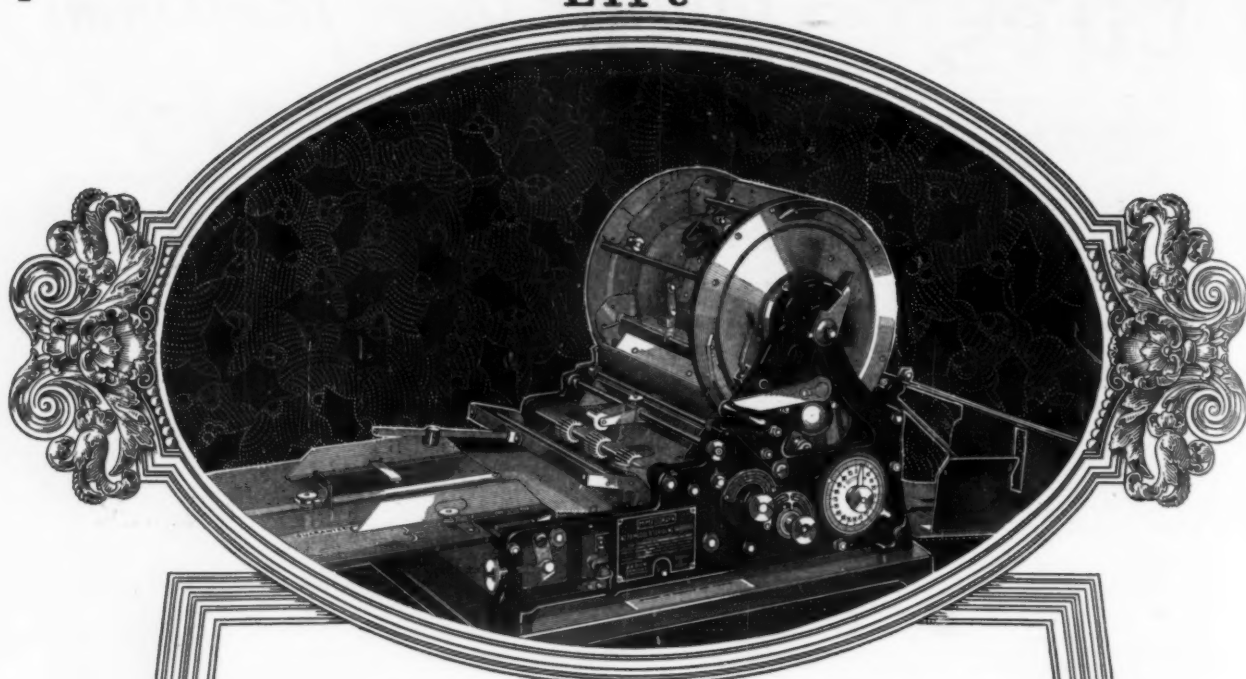
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

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IN THE CHRISTMAS RUSH

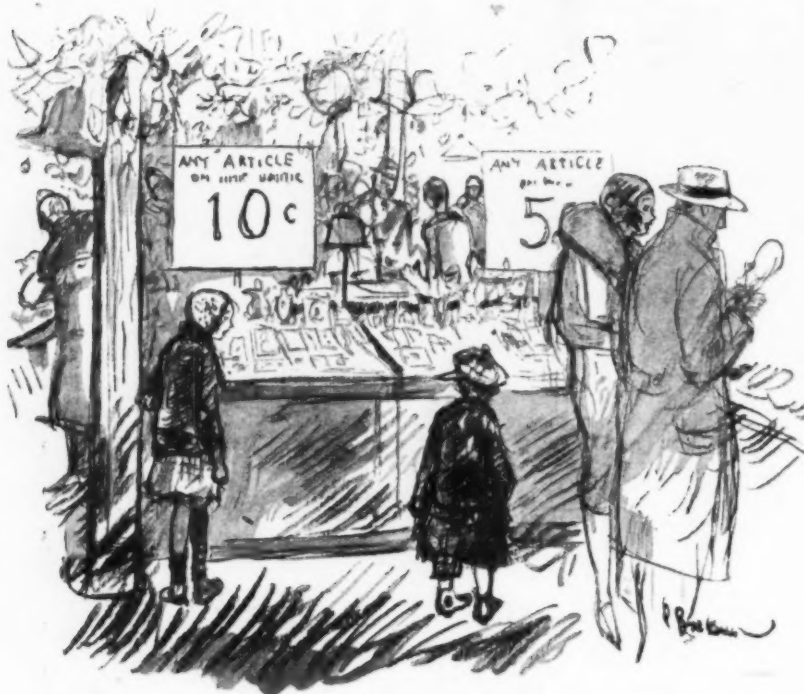
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M I M E O G R A P H



КРАП (содержит) 4-4





"Eddie, over here! We want to get something nice for mother."

You Can't Win

This radio era is hard on a man:
He can't get away from them, try as he can.
There's one in his office, there's one in his club,
In his church, in his home, in his bed, in his tub.
There's a set at the barber's, and one where he eats,
And the radios hoot at him all through the streets.
And now, if you please, they have let down the bars
And are furnishing sets in the new model cars.
With dials at his fingers, and tubes at his toes,
He shall have music *wherever* he goes.
—Norman Jafray.

One secret of success is to go off where no one knows you and pretend that you amounted to something where you came from.

Discussions on the origin of man don't attract much attention now because most of us are busy wondering where we were last night.

Lots of knees look much better in long skirts.

If we could put on a radio program to which all broadcasting supervisors were forced to listen we would have it one-third string trios, one-third folk songs, one-third sopranos, and a Scotch comedian as announcer.

The older you get the more reckless the younger generation becomes.



LATEST BRIDESMAID: *It's no use—we've read parts of the latest novel and told jokes from the new shows, but we can't make a blushing bride of her.*

It Sims To Me

You'll find that you can get into a breakfast nook easier if you'll go past it and then back in, just as if you were parking an auto.

I've decided to keep my old car another year, because when it is stolen I never have to walk more than two or three blocks to find it.

The worst sensation I know of is to wake up the next morning with the dim recollection of having written a check somewhere.

You can't convince the drug store clerk who makes the sandwiches that there is plenty of room between two slices of bread.

Half the movies I go to make me wish I had just stayed out front and looked at the girl in the ticket booth a couple of hours.

You can get the schoolgirl complexion at any drug store, but you can't get the giggle.

Sometimes I believe some people say, "Well, I've got such a bad cough I believe I'll go to the movies."

The idea seems to be to grab a package and rush to the post office with it before it comes unwrapped.

—Tom Sims.

Doggerel

Mongrel

The merry mongrel, running free,
Boasts no eugenic ancestry.
No ribboned sire him has fathered,
A fact which leaves him quite un-
bothered.
No bluish blood flows through his
veins;
He barks at Pekes and Chows and
Danes
Who gaze with glances wary at
The puppy proletariat.
About the town behold him jog,
A dog who won't put on the dog,
A comic cur, the jest of all,
But held by me the best of all!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Machines are built now on which
you can add, subtract, multiply, divide,
or do just about any mathematical
problem, except keep a husband and
wife's joint checking account straight.

It would be interesting to know just
how many cigarette lighters have been
lost by people who forget and drop
them on the floor or throw them out a
window after lighting a cigarette.

The trouble with this country is that
there's no longer any incentive to put
your best foot forward. The brass rails
are gone.



"Pardon me, have you the time?"



GOLFER: Ya don't mean to say ye're goin' to quit, Ed!

Anagrins

Take each word given below, re-
arrange the letters in it and with the
one given letter make up the new word
which is defined.

- > (1) Scramble *dray* with an *e* and
get what it takes a girl hours to get.
- > (2) Scramble *mansion* with an *i*
and get something to keep you awake.
- > (3) Scramble *brute* with an *l* and
get a handy man around the house.
- > (4) Scramble *engine* with a *u* and
get an old fashioned kind of liquor.
- > (5) Scramble *inches* with an *e* and
get some clever people.
- > (6) Scramble *cornets* with an *a* and
get the man who made you what you
are.

Answers on page 31



HERMIT: *Heh! Heh! All me life I ain't got mixed up with no women!*



Short Stories of Life



Forty-Four Flat

by
Eric Hatch

OLD JOE DEGENER stumbled out of the big new hall of Protection Hose Company Number One. Joe Degener had been a fighter all his life; but he was crying now because he was so mad he could spit—and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

For half a century he had been fire chief of Hohancus; Captain of Protection Hose Company Number One. For half a century he had walked at the company's head in parades, carrying his great silver trumpet. Fifty years! Never in all that time had he missed a fire; whether it had been in the hot sun of summer or on a zero night when ice on the streets made it seem sure death, he had always been at the reins, guiding his two white horses at full gallop, while townsfolk hearing the clamoring of the alarm would lean

from their windows as he passed and cheer him on. Now he was out—for good.

Young men had come in, with new ideas. They had brought with them a great red machine, a monster that ate more money in gas than ever Dick and Harry had been able to eat up in hay. That had been five years ago. But old Joe had hung on in spite of it. True, he hadn't been allowed to drive the thing, but he had ridden in tooth chattering fear on its box and still walked at the head in tournament parades. But where once he had been an idol revered, now he was tolerated; the way straight backed Victorian chairs are tolerated in Fifth Avenue apartments.

Tonight Protection had dedicated its new hall and a new chief had been elected at the meeting. Joe Degener's neck reddened with smarting rage at the memory. He thought of the big annual tournament to be held the next week—of how his disgrace would be paraded before the world.

As he reached the street, he turned and looking up at the lighted windows of the hall, shook his fist.

"Dagnabbed whippersnappers," he said. "I'll show 'em!"

Then suddenly he stopped and spun on his heel. A car, silent as the night itself, had just missed him as he crossed the street.

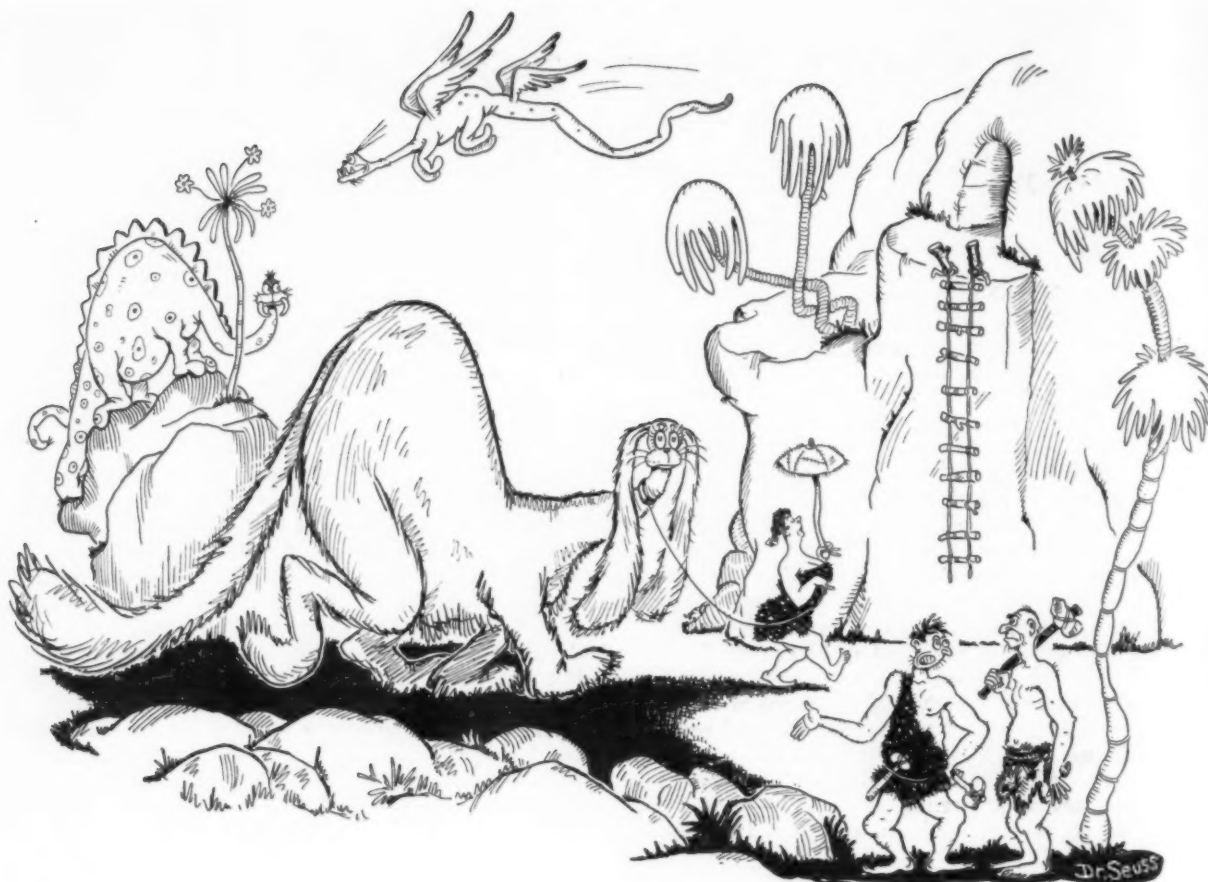
"What in the hell do you mean, driving like that! I'll have you taken in, that's what I'll—" He stopped abruptly. The car was a Rolls and the young man back of the wheel was laughing at him. Joe recognized him as young Armstrong. Young Armstrong was rich, lived in Sound Point, a village that wasn't really a village, but only an incorporation of the old and wealthy families just on the edge of Hohancus. Joe had dandled him on his knee not so many years before. Armstrong was "one of his kids." If he wanted to laugh it was all right.

"Don't tell me I frightened the Fire Chief!"

(Continued on Page 26)



The old man at the reins saw not the great horse before him, but two others whose coats were whiter than soft cream.



"I'm all for dawgs as a rule, Bill, but a dame sure does make a sap of herself draggin' around one of them little yapping society mutts."

Imaginary Interviews

EUGENE O'NEILL

I had not made an appointment with Mr. O'Neill, but fortunately I found him at home. As I entered his study he rose and shook hands cordially with me.

"I hate to bother you, Mr. O'Neill," I said, "but I should like to have a short interview with you."

O'Neill smiled graciously.

"Why it's certainly no bother at all," he said. "I like interviews. They're stimulating."

But then to my astonishment his face suddenly changed. His eyes took on a strange, far away look.

"What the hell does this damn fool want to bother me for?" he said in a queer, almost detached manner which his words belied. "God, how I hate these reporters!"

But just as quickly again his face

changed. He was all cordiality once more.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, and he indicated a chair.

"Thank you," I replied. Frankly I was puzzled.

He sat down in his chair, and then his demeanor changed again.

"I hope this simpleton gets out of here soon," he said savagely. Then he said:



A native Californian thirty minutes after arriving in New York City on a pleasure trip.

"Fire ahead, old man. Don't hesitate to ask me anything you want."

I was considerably nonplussed at this strange behavior, but I managed to murmur a question. I asked him what his views on censorship were.

He settled back in his chair in a seemingly meditative position.

"Of all the stupid questions!" he said, much to my alarm. "Every damn reporter in the country asks me that! God, what an utter ass this guy is!"

This last remark was too much. Very much insulted I rose to go, but O'Neill went right on.

"Ah," he said, "a very good question. A very good question—"

But I could stand it no longer. Grabbing my hat I rushed out of the mad man's apartment.

—Arthur Silverblatt.

The one indispensable auto accessory is an income.

Scott Shots

Some time in the future we can look back on the good old days when there were only 30,000 speakeasies in New York City.

Laugh at prohibition and the world laughs with you.

Some speakeasy proprietors are so uninfluential that they don't know where the next raid is coming from.

Personal liberty is a wonderful thing if you don't drink too much of it.

The apartment of the near future will probably have a dining nook, a bed nook and a living nook.

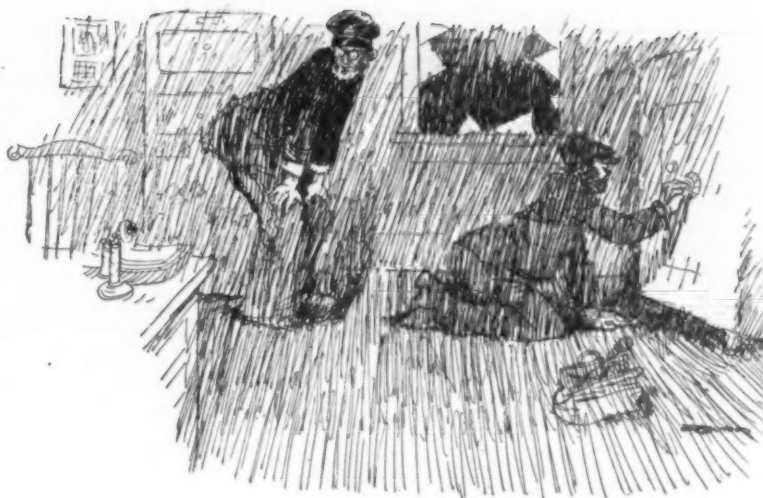
A ticket speculator is just a man who enables you to see one show for the price of three.

Always make all the friends you can because you may need them some day when you have to cash a post-office money order.

A first night at the theatre is entertaining, but it's more fun to be present at the World Premier Opening of a bottle of Scotch.

Blood is thicker than water, and we wish our bootlegger would realize that his Scotch ought to be too.

—W. W. Scott.



OFFICER: *He won't leave any finger prints with them gloves on, so I'll jest have to look around for some other clues!*

Suggested motto for the retired bootlegger is: Be sure you are ahead, then go right.

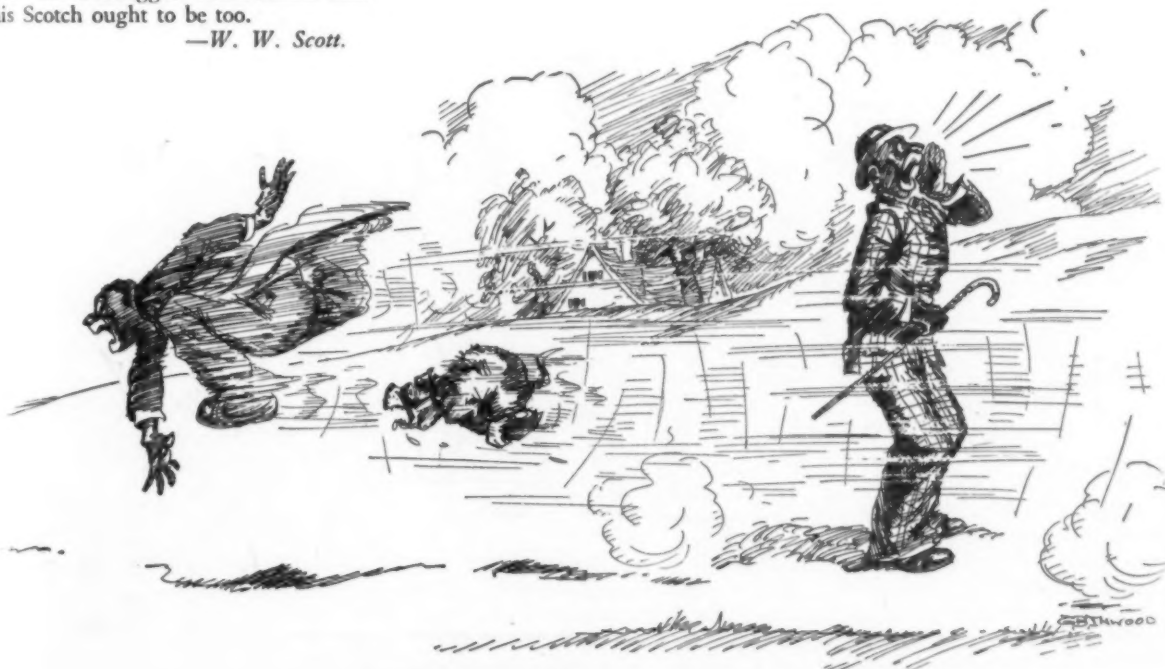
The stock salesman is now meeting some of our bust people.

You may be called out on emergency cases at all hours of the night, if you are a doctor or a bootlegger.

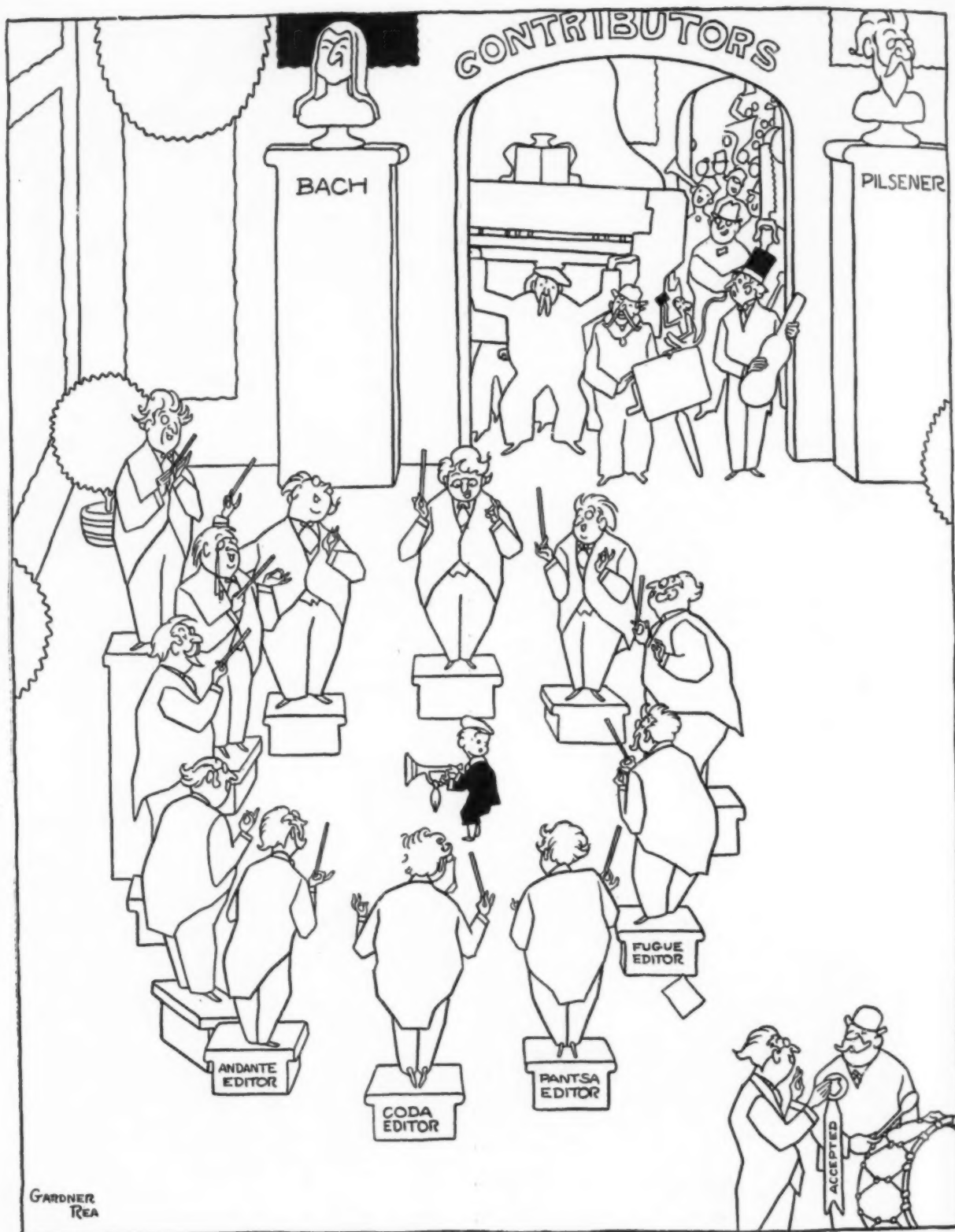
There are men who are so afraid of their wives they'll eat lettuce.

Collapsible bridge tables will help make a party a success, but collapsible guests will spoil it.

This would be a better world if Santa Claus came every month and the instalment man but once a year.



"Hey, Arthur! They's a dawg aftuh y'ul!"



Impressions of Magazine Offices.
Musical America.

Life at Home



BOSTON—Bridge playing is the "lowest depth to which the human being can fall," in the opinion of Prof. Robert E. Rogers of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He described the game as "a combination of reflex actions and mental telepathy from which no great nourishment is obtained."



NEW YORK CITY—Park Avenue celebrated the market slump by giving a shorn lamb party at the Club Plaza. By way of showing their poverty, the socially elite ate wieners and sauerkraut from tables covered with red cotton cloths in the dim light of candles stuck in bottles and gazed between times at a picture on the wall depicting two men committing suicide beside a ticker tape.

LOS ANGELES—Miss Jean Murray, twenty-two, was bequeathed \$2,000 by her grandfather on the following conditions, "That she shall never bob her hair nor use lipstick, nor paint her face or pencil her eyebrows, and never go to any dances or movie shows; never adorn her body by wearing any gold or jewelry of any kind, and no clothes too short at both ends or any styles of clothing not perfectly modest in harmony with Bible teachings." Malcolm John Murray must observe these injunctions, to share in the estate, "That he never attends any dances, private or public, nor any movie shows and never wears a Charlie Chaplin mustache and abstains from all secret societies."

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Posted on all broker bulletin boards in the Kansas City Stock Exchange today was the following notice:

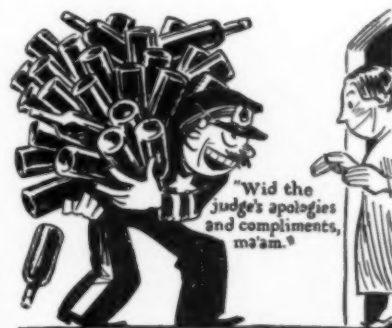
"Effective immediately, no more margin orders for stocks will be accepted from women."

"When the break came in the market we found women poor losers," was the only explanation of the order advanced by a representative of a New York house.

SUPERIOR, Wis.—"A million point bridge game" started here in 1920 is nearing the finish it was learned recently.

The game has been carried by two families. According to the provisions of the game the losers must provide the winners with a dinner.

NEW YORK—Don C. Seitz, author and editor, recently castigated the motion pictures. "All the bodies created to improve the movies are appointed by the heads of the movie industry, and therefore all attempts to raise the morals of the films by Will Hays are merely camouflage. If there is anything in the way of devilment which Hays has overlooked, I have yet to find it."



PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Mrs. Mary Grue, who said she made beer at home to keep her husband away from speak-easies, is to receive back 220 bottles the police seized in a raid at her home. Judge Tuck so decided in finding that she had not sold or intended to sell.

PEORIA, Ill.—In the opinion of Federal Judge Fitzhenry, anyone who accepts a drink of liquor at a friend's house or knows that his friends or neighbors have liquor, is guilty of being an accessory to a violation of the Jones Act, unless he reports these facts to the Federal authorities.

and Elsewhere



OSLO, Norway—Twin beds played the major role in an income tax dispute between the neighboring municipalities of Oslo and Aker. The border line between the two cities runs through a block of flats constructed in such a way as to leave the bed of Erland Linge in Oslo, while his wife's bed is in Aker. Both cities claimed the tax, and the case went to court. Under cross examination the husband admitted that he owed Aker something.

TOKIO—Traffic rules for English speaking tourists read as follows:

1—At the rise of the hand of policemen, stop rapidly. Do not pass or otherwise disrespect him.

2—When the passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn. Trumpet melodiously at first. Then tootle with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning Hi! Hi!

3—Go soothingly on the grease-mud as there lurks the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll round the corners to save the collapse and tie up.



HUSBAND: *Heigh-ho, Mary! What's th' good word?*

TOM and JERRY

The College Mixers

We go to dances any night,
And even if we've no invite.
When dolled up folks, we're super-
normal
We look seductive at a formal.
So when some party's going great
We tear around and crash the gate.
Upon our entrance eyebrows raise,
The babes just sit around and gaze.
We give all guys an awful trimmin'
We've some strange power over
wimmen.
—Eggleston.

TRAVELER: In Heaven's name, why
did you come out into the middle of
this dried-up, barren, God-forsaken
prairie to build a home? There isn't
a tree within a hundred miles of you.

HOMESTEADER: Wot else could I do,
stranger? The wife was dead set on
learnin' to drive the car.

If you want to be genuinely snooty
just have your office boy tell callers
you're in conference with your tree
surgeons.

"I hear Izzy got a big raise from the
fur company he's working for."

"Yes, he invented five new names
for rabbit."

WESTERN COMPANIONATE HUSBAND
(greeting his wife): Howdy, stranger!

HILL: Is your daughter coming
home for the holidays?

GILL: No, she isn't married.

You can do just about everything in
the kitchen by electricity now except
discharge the cook.



"I may be Wong, but I think you're wonderful!"

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

When I took my first bicycle tour in Germany, I noticed that the German wheelmen carried a whip in a receptacle attached to the handle-bars. Upon inquiry, it was for dogs. I carried no whip, for I found a more excellent way. When chased by infuriated dogs, which happened three or four times every day, I waited till the monster got close. Then leaning over, I spit in his eye, becoming with practice uncannily accurate. The animal invariably retired. It wasn't the heat, it was the humidity. —William Lyon Phelps.

So far as we are concerned Friends are not important. After all, all you really need are six of them to serve as pall-bearers and if there are not six pall-bearers at your funeral how the hell will you know?

—Walter Winchell.

I believe I am as little vain as any actress in Hollywood.

—Clara Bow.



"Now you go play charades or something!"



"Happy New Year to ye, Judge!"

"Same to you, Mike, and many of 'em—and don't fergit that note that's due tomorrow!"

As a matter of fact, the Americans are simply gasbags, and the beauty of the game is that they can go on swelling and swelling, and as the bag never bursts, they can still go on.

—Yvette Guilbert.

There are some persons, nearly all of the female sex, who suffer from a chronic rush of words to the mouth.

—Dean Inge.

Prudence is a necessary virtue, but it is menial and rather easily learned.

—Walter Lippmann.

I never saw the love letter I didn't want.

—John Gilbert.

Thoughtful Americans look wistfully across the Canadian border and across the Atlantic Ocean at communities who seem to combine increasing sobriety with private liberty.

—Winston Churchill.

To get drunk is quite expensive nowadays, and from the lowest financial point of view the temporary exultation is dear at the price.

—Sir Philip Gibbs.



SINBAD
Day Dreams.



Life in Washington

Commander Byrd Writes The Message To Congress

ISN'T it jolly? Here we all are in "The Presidential Message" all set to go to Congress. Andy Mellon and Harry Stimson are monkeying with the engines, tightening up the Kellogg Pact here, taking off a tax there. Ray Wilbur and Julius Klein are pouring in gas. They signal that everything is ready. "Contact!" I call, and George Akerson, my contact-man, goes out and makes the right connections. Funny the engine doesn't start. Ah! That's better. Now we're going. The Department of Justice seems to be missing fire on the Prohibition cases but that will warm up.

Bill Borah is sitting hunched over the controls. Dear Old Bill! You couldn't have anyone like Bill on an expedition like this. Charlie Curtis is fiddling with his camera. Charlie's going to take pictures to prove to the folks back home that we took a trip somewhere. And then there's Nick Longworth, the "Old Nick" as the boys at the base call him. Nick has charge of the microphones and the supply of gas. You couldn't ask for four finer fellows than the crew of "The Presidential Message," could you? The engines are going better now, though there's still too much oil in the Department of the Interior and not enough in the State Department.

Geewhillikins! Ahead of us lies the dread Tariff Barrier. We've got to follow up that big glacier between the Agricultural Bloc and the Industrial Lobby. The barrier is so high that we'll have to fly very carefully or we'll get into trouble. I wonder if I hadn't ought to go back to camp. Is it fair to these men to ask them to take these terrible risks?

Bill Borah—dear old Bill!—points below. "Look!" he says, "we're at the ceiling and we can just clear the Fordney-McCumber Tariff!" It is an awful sight—a towering cliff that drops away beneath us. The new tariff ahead seems to reach the sky. Can we ever

get over it? Could anyone? Bill nods—good old Bill, where would we be without Bill, I wonder—"We're going a lot higher than that," Bill says.

Now we're over the treacherous glacier, between the export debentures and flexible clauses, roaring along at ninety miles an hour, if time meant anything down here. If we ever run into one of those high rates, we'll have to walk home. Home seems a mighty long way off, I can tell you. Charlie Curtis—dear old Charlie—taps me on the shoulder. "We got to throw something overboard," he says, "or we'll never get over that Tariff." He points down. That's the Special Session valley, known as the Devil's Ball Game, where stout-hearted Reed Smoot nearly starved to death and had to eat his dogs before he staggered back to the White House. I nod, sadly. It looks awful. "Let's throw over the Federal Reserve Board," says Charlie, "and a couple of Progressive Senators."

It's a terrible moment. Every second counts. We can't get to our goal without the Federal Reserve and we can't get back without the Senate. I make my decision, just like that—a born leader has to do such things. We open the trap-door and throw out every Senator west of the Mississippi. "The Presidential Message" feels the effect. It responds marvelously. It rises and soars like a cuckoo. But the Barrier is dead ahead, higher than ever.

Bill Borah—dear old Bill, was there ever anyone like Bill?—leaves the controls and joins us. "We'll have to lose more weight, Chief," he roars, "or we'll never be re-elected in 1932." He starts to heave overboard the Federal Reserve and the Stock Exchange. "Wait a

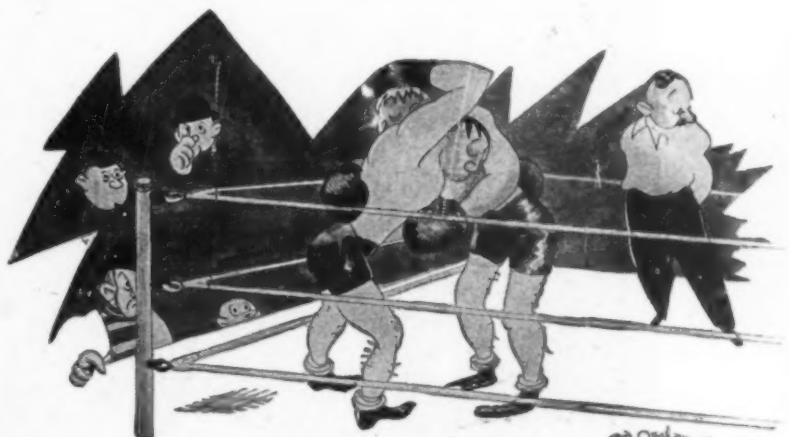
minute, Bill," says Nick, leaving his gas-supply, "the ticker's getting pretty low. Those may come in handy." Good old Nick!

Gosh! That nearly wrecked us. A blast of cold air comes tearing down Wall Street and tosses "The Presidential Message" like a bit of cork in a cocktail shaker. I rush to the controls. I wish I knew how to fly. It must be bully fun. Good old Charlie and dear old Nick drop the cameras and microphones and take hold of Bill—Bill always was the life of the Party—I wave to him as he drops out the trap-door. His parachute opens. He's safe till he hits the Congressional elections.

That did it. We lift rapidly. We're over the Barrier. Hooray! Ahead of us lies Congress. It always did. The view is awful. I never saw anything like it. Are we drifting from our course? I stick my head out the window. No, we're going straight. Now you tell one.

Geel! it's great to be here. I sure do wish Addy Ochs and Georgie Putnam and Bill Hearst and Graham McNamee were here and could see what I see. Won't the boys back at the White House be jealous when I tell them all about it? We'll be over Congress anytime now. Here we are. I drop the American flag and a package of peanuts to commemorate the solemn occasion. We all feel mighty serious as we stand at attention while "The Presidential Message" runs around and around in circles over the place we think Congress would be if it knew where it belonged.

(A further installment of Commander Byrd's Message will Not Appear in Our Next Edition.) —J. F.



"I could die dancing with you!"





the Rupees.



Alas, Poor Yorick!

THIS is the dread season when the young man-about-town gingerly steps forth upon a stage and exclaims "My Cord, the larraige awaits!" ... when the *Junior Leaguers* doll up in "just too adorable" costumes, rented from *Tams*, and make the *Albertina Rasch* girls look like so many clodhoppers ... when the fair, fat and forty society matron who had a good voice when she had "it," comes out in her very best evening gown and renders "In a Little Spanish Town" the while the younger debs in *Spanish* costumes do an imitation of the *Follies* chorus on an off night ... in other words, it is the terrible time when our very best people go in for



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Amateur Theatricals ... Oh, Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name!

The Play's The Thing!

The people responsible for these "theatrocities" are travelling theatrical producers, usually ex-ham actors and their wives who go from town to town and talk the social registerites into putting on a show for "The Starving Street-Cleaners" or "Bigger Birdhouses for Our Feathered Friends" ... they are peripatetic parasites preying on the frailties of the local elite, arousing histrionic desires in the breasts of hitherto contented cows, and leaving behind them a sickening swath of discontent and demoralized homes ... they are a worse plague than the locusts ... there are already enough ham actors and actresses in the business without adding a million amateurs to the white man's burden ... and the worst part of it is that "the melody lingers on" ... every little deb that has had a little movement of her own in the last

amateur show has to repeat it at every party for the next six months and during that time she becomes convinced that her career is in the drayma ... even her best friends won't tell her and the only cure is sudden death.



R.S.V.P.

A beautiful deb who is now rehearsing to understudy *Eve Le Gallienne* although *Eve* knows nothing about it, tells me of a new society game which is now all the rage ... it is called "Social Excitements" and the idea is to collect all the "invites" received during the past six months and use them as cards ... these are shuffled thoroughly and then divided equally among the players ... someone leads an invitation and the idea is to take the trick with the doggiest invite ... a referee must be appointed to settle arguments as to weight of invitations ... in a recent game

"MRS. MARSHALL SHIELD
Shooting Pheasants
With"

won the final trick.

En Regle

While we are on such social subjects a very de luxe speakeasy, or rather, club on *East Fiftieth* is worth men-



tioning . . . this "speak" is conducted as a regular club . . . members sign all checks and a bill is rendered once a month . . . the only requirement for membership is a sound financial rating and this is looked into thoroughly . . . delinquent members are posted for non-payment of "dues" on a regular club bulletin board in the lobby . . . in addition, such items as the following appear . . . "Mr. B— has been suspended temporarily for conduct unbecoming a gentleman"—"Mr. H— wishes to organize a drinking team to meet the Yale Five. Members wishing to try for the team should report to Jimmy, Saturday at 3 P. M." "Members are requested to be as quiet as possible when leaving the club and to refrain from singing such songs as 'Lord Jeffery Amherst' or 'Far Above Cayuga's Waters.'"



We Never Close

Don Dickerman, demon Democritean, is trying out an innovation down on Eighth street called "The Daffydill" . . . this is a night club somewhat on the lines of Zelli's in Paris and is open twenty-four hours a day . . . at 3 A. M. the Daffydill closes out of respect to the Right Honorable Mayor Walker and re-opens immediately as a breakfast nook . . . here the Person Who Hates To Go To Bed may loiter five or six hours over breakfast and be at the office at nine o'clock sharp . . . the only thing the proprietor has overlooked is lockers for the men to change from evening clothes to business suits . . . Evening clothes don't go very well with waffles and coffee and they do seem a trifle formal for morning office attire . . . However, Mr.

Dickerman's idea is a good one, even if the only thing it accomplishes is to keep people from going to Harlem . . . in addition the Daffydill features the Californians who are not only great musicians but great comedians.

Manna-About-Town

The Paige Sisters at the Daffydill . . . Manhattan Madness—The Noyes School of Rhythm on Waverly Place . . . the Coffee Cocktails at Frank and Jacks . . . the corpse in "Subway Express" . . . Aunt Sarah's Pastry Counter at the Algonquin . . . the new Racing game called Escalado put out by Alex Taylor & Co.

Prize Story

Quickerbrown Jr.

A rather well known Manhattan benedict recently met a charming western girl and gave her quite a rush . . . he gave her the name and address of a bachelor friend as his own and after she went back home it troubled him so that he finally confessed to his friend what he had done . . . the friend said "Well, that explains something that's been puzzling me for weeks. Some girl from Kansas City left me a hundred thousand dollars in her will!" . . . believe it, or not!



Theatre • by Ralph Barton

EVERY wave of sex for art's sake in the theatre is promptly followed by a wave of sex for smut's sake, just as a really first-class raconteur's good blue story in the smoke-room is invariably followed by a series of awful ones unfolded by less sensitive yarn-spinners who don't quite understand the delicacy and the importance of keeping the world safe for license. In really first-class smoke-rooms, pointless dirty stories are frozen out by the application of a few cubic metres of icy silence, and one day perhaps, authors and producers will learn that very much the same thing happens to pointless dirty plays.

It is a source of considerable satisfaction to see plays like "A Primer for Lovers" and "The Amorous Antic" frozen out of the theatre, while plays like "Strictly Dishonorable" continue to play to capacity houses. One sees the workings of a sort of divine justice, and the evidence of a good deal of excellent taste on the part of the public, in the fact that "A Primer for Lovers," which had one or two decent, honest laughs in it, lasted for three weeks, while "The Amorous Antic," which was pure dirt, opened and closed almost before one could taxi home through Mr. Grover Whalen's simplified traffic arrangements—that is to say, within one week. The Golden Age is apparently upon us: the better the play, the longer it lasts.

If a play called "Diana," which opened at the Longacre the other night, is still running by the time these words appear in print, I will owe the rubbish-removal man in my block ten dollars. It is not a smutty play in the sense that the brace mentioned above were smutty. It is simply a low, vulgar, wrong-headed and blasphemous play. "The Amorous Antic" was aimed at the heads of the Greenwich Village artists who have swallowed the works of the Viennese dream-doctors without digesting them properly—a good enough, and harmless enough, subject for kidding in the hands of an author not given to smirks and double meanings. "Diana" is aimed at the head of Isadora Duncan.

Isadora Duncan, dead barely two years, may have had a broad streak of artiness in her make-up; but she believed so passionately in her artiness that she succeeded in lifting it to a noble

quality. Strong men have come away from her magnetic presence wearing mauve sashes and reciting verse. She may have committed endless indiscretions; but she was, herself, always the victim of them. She had a genius for coming off on the short end of all her enterprises. She was a tragic and heart-breaking figure. "Diana" makes her a cheap and coarse one.

Just why the author and producer of "Diana" should want to put her



Curtain call: a theatrical trick designed to hold the audience in its seats while you and I slip out and get a taxi.

green grave on the stage and engage Mary Nash to walk out and kick the flowers off it, heaven only knows. Certainly not because it makes good theatre. It makes excessively dull theatre—except to those who admire Isadora as a very fine artist and to whom the play is a staggering insult. Just why Miss Nash ever consented to play the part is likewise an unanswerable question. Even if she hadn't a decent respect for Isadora's memory, she is good trouser enough to be able to hear herself in rehearsal and to realize that such scenes as the one in which the news of the death of the children is brought to her, and the one leading up to her own death, are not in her line.

"Diana" is divided into four episodes, the first two of which—but comes a breathless messenger from the front with the glad tidings that the play has closed. Let us speak of other and pleasanter things.

THERE is, for instance, "Young Sinners," which escapes from the sex for smut's sake class by a hair's breadth. It escapes because the smut is well written and well played. The story has to do with snorting youth. When the spoiled billionaire's son thinks that the girl who keeps him awake at nights has turned him down, he dashes off and tries to dry up New York by drinking all the champagne in town. When he has made a complete mess of himself, his father puts him in the hands of an Irish trainer, who kicks him all the way to a camp in the Adirondacks and makes a man of him. This leads, quite naturally, to a scene on a sofa with the girl which is nothing to take Aunt Mary from Chillicothe to see. If you have lived through all that sort of thing yourself, you will smoke your cigarette on the sidewalk after the second act none the worse for the experience, save for a glassy stare and a wilted collar. Dorothy Appleby and Raymond Guion, as the kids, and John Harrington, as the Irish trainer, do their jobs beautifully.

THEN, there is old Bill Farnum. Around at the Forrest Theatre, doing an honest day's work as a Police Inspector in a murder play named "Headquarters." Old Bill Farnum, with his wife deceiving him with moving picture folks and with his little girl, Doreen, in a peck of trouble. It's a sight for sore eyes to watch his bosom heave and see his mouth thin down to a line as he stands up, so noble and clean, before the slick movie-actor who is blackening his name, and before the Commissioner who is going to break him if he doesn't solve the mystery before the end of the last act.

There are Maxim silencers, fingerprints, a safe door which is drilled open, two murders, an innocent girl with the shadow of the chair over her head, and just a bit more plot than any one mind can follow. A happily married couple, attending the play, might divide the work between them. The husband could follow the police thread while his wife kept track of the love interest and the two could piece the thing out when they got home. But why bother about plot? It is a nice, wholesome thrill that one asks of plays like this, and "Headquarters" provides about six.



"DIANA"

The effect that love in Russia has on Miss Mary Nash.

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Taming of the Shrew"

IT LOOKS like we may have another Shakespeare revival. The last one broke out two years ago when Gene Tunney took a volume of these masterpieces in his good right hand and battered his way into the social register. Now Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are threatening to start it all over again by appearing in a movie bearing the title of a Shakespearean play. In case you may be a second-rate pugilist, and therefore not a student of Shakespeare, we will inform you that a Shrew is the type of woman who goes through her husband's pockets while he has his trousers on and gives him a sock in the eye if any of the change is missing. She gets rid of his old razor blades by making him play "open-your-mouth-and-shut-your-eyes" and she thinks Bernarr MacFadden is a sissy. Miss Pickford, sometimes called, Our Mary, and even on occasion, "America's Sweetheart," is supposed to be one of these refractory termagants (we must keep away from these Literary Guild teas) and the sweet little woman simply does not look the part.

Doug, on the other hand, is quite convincing as the swaggering gent who takes on the job of taming this whip-cracking, furniture-throwing hussy, but even the best sort of a battle between a man and wife becomes boring after a time, and toward the finish you remain indifferent even when they start tossing the larger Italian Renaissance pieces about.

As we remembered the plot of the story, there appeared to be a decided difference between the Shakespeare and Hollywood versions, so to reconcile them we read the original manuscript again—and "Thereby hangs a tale." (Scene 1, Act IV.) Apt, isn't it?

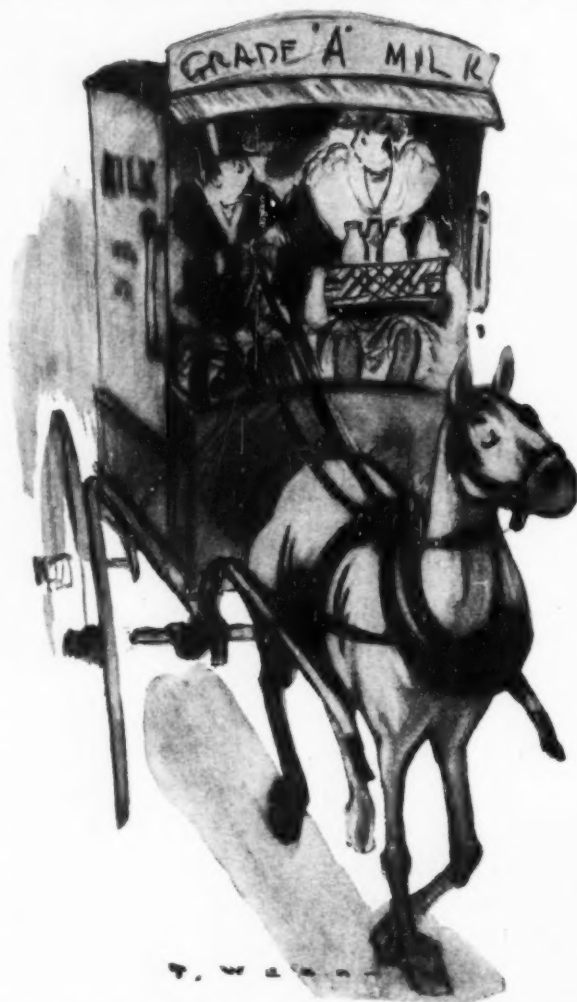
It seems that Bill Shakespeare was long on blank verse, but very vague

on stage business. In order to make a movie of Bill's swell manuscript, it was necessary for Doug and Mary to add the gestures, and the result is nobody's business. For instance, during the first meeting of Petruchio (Doug) and Katharine (Mary) Mr. Shakespeare mentions but one bit of rough stuff.

find it entertaining. Some of the pre-war Sennett antics we find particularly annoying are Clyde Cook's sneezing act and Doug's bellowing, especially when he keeps his wife awake by singing.

In Shakespeare's story, the Shrew is fully subdued and the final curtain finds her submissive to the point of servility. Mary and Doug were smart enough to realize that this abject attitude of a wife would not go over so big nowadays, what with the feeling of independence that has been fostered in modern woman by Margaret Sanger and the Lucy Stone League, so they changed this around and at the end we find Mary submitting to her husband's wishes merely because she has discovered that all of his rough stuff is a pose . . . and her sly wink in the final fadeout leaves us with the impression that she is only waiting for him to be himself before she starts heaving the furniture again.

Strangely enough there is no theme song for this picture. If they decide to incorporate one, we humbly suggest "I Love You Shrewly."



"Did Mr. Bulubass say to leave four quarts at number five, or five quarts at number four, Sylvia?"

Kate strikes Petruchio, and he threatens to hit back, but doesn't. In the movie she throws everything at him but the family escutcheon, and he woos her forcefully with a series of body-scissors and strangle holds that would make a chiropractor turn green with envy. The slap-stick stuff continues throughout the film, and the laughter it brings forth indicates that most people

and there are scores of others who just happened to be passing and dropped in to see what the big crowd was all about. Before they got through they had to send for Mr. Roth himself to do the introducing, and, as he laughingly said later, he would not have been a bit surprised if he had run across his old friend Addison Simms of Seattle in the

(Continued on Page 31)

"Show of Shows"

AFTER taking the ten easy lessons in the Roth Memory Course we are forced to admit that we cannot begin to remember all of the important people who appear in "Show of Shows." Every person who is employed by Warner Brothers and First National is in the cast, including Rin Tin Tin,



Mrs. Pep's Diary

reared in a school which considered the feelings of the family physician, should he arrive on a nocturnal emergency call and be confronted with the day's newspaper or an unemptied ash receiver.

DECEMBER 9—Up betimes and did on my new galoshes of thin

rubber, the neatest that ever I saw in my life, and not making me feel as if I had the Leviathan on one foot and the Majestic on the other, and so out into the snow to walk through the town, meeting Miss May Cooper, whom I did bid to play contract on the morrow, and I do pray that I may draw her every rubber as a partner, for Lord! had I her great good fortune at cards plus her appearance of smart and respectable gentility, I should spend all of my time on trans-Atlantic liners, seeking whom I might devour. A great company for luncheon, of bouillon, pilaff of rice with chicken and mushrooms, string beans, and hot gridle cakes, with much talk of this and that, and when somebody spoke of Commander Byrd and his enterprise

in connection with the South Pole, Libby Peyton announced that she wouldn't go *that* far to look at anything, no matter *what* it was. And Polly Lytle did tell how her elder sister, who does seldom touch cocktattles because she has no head for them, had terrified her after quaffing a thimbleful before the Thanksgiving feast by drawing her aside and saying *sotto voce*, "My dear, there's something I've been wanting to tell you for some time. Do you mind if I speak right out?" and how, after Polly had given her permission, with no small trembling for her secret sins, her sister had said, "Well, dear, I don't like that little hat. It's too plain!" To bed betimes this night, and one of my reflections before dozing off was on the pleasure derived from the telephone service in a small town, where, if a connection is not sufficiently established, the operator is quite likely to confide the subscriber's whereabouts.

—Baird Leonard.

Arch Optimist: The chap who sailed on the same ocean liner with Greta Garbo in hope that there would be a shipwreck near a desert island.

It would be quite an improvement if you could take a radio set apart and clean out all the string trios.

HUSBAND (*sneaking in at 3 a. m.*): It's a great wife if she don't waken.

DECEMBER 8 (Lord's Day)—Awakened by church bells to a great splendid winter scene of snow-covered grounds and trees, and suddenly remembered having come again to Cooperstown yesterday, so up and did on a woolen frock, the whole morning soon gone in dispatching my orders for Christmas presents, forasmuch as this year I have sworn to the correspondence school of benevolence, not meaning to set foot in a shop. To luncheon with Susan at Mr. Beasley's school for boys, almost breaking down when the urchin on my left was obliged to go without his dessert of delicious vanilla ice cream, but he whispered to me of his misconduct in church, having tried to do tricks with his money, a proceeding for which many older persons do not suffer so severe a punishment, and when he added that he had attempted to make it disappear from his palm, S. vouchsafed that that also was an offense not hitherto unheard of. And Mr. Beasley told me about a man who had been sent to Europe to select a church window and who had, upon his arrival, forgotten both the inscription and the dimensions, so did cable back for them, and found, upon his return to his hotel several hours later, a guest of his own name and initials prostrate in the lobby and clutching a message which read, "Unto you a son is born fifteen feet long and five feet wide." To the Coopers for tea, where some of the talk ran on inept motorists, and Mr. Cooper did remark that the ranks of uncertain chauffeurs are topped by women who sit upright before the wheel and by men with cigars in their mouths. Gerry Walling and the Pats for dinner, with bridge following until a late hour, but before we did go to bed, Susan and I straightened up the sitting-room, both of us having been



"Have you gents got a card?"



"You've no idea, folks—what a marvelous time everybody's having!"

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.

See page 30

(Listed in the order of their openings.)

Comedy and Drama

- ★STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Elmer Rice's fine drama of a mean street.
- ★JOURNEY'S END. *Henry Miller's*. \$4.40—How British officers saw it through.
- ★IT'S A WISE CHILD. *Belasco*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—It happens in the best regulated families.
- ★GAMBLING. *Fulton*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—A good murder story with fine acting by George M. Cohan.
- HOUSEPARTY. *Waldorf*—Murder in a frat house.
- ★ROPE'S END. *Masque*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Dinner with the Mayfair boys off a chest containing a corpse.
- ★SUBWAY EXPRESS. *Liberty*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mr. Tracy didn't give his seat to the lady because he was dead.
- MANY WATERS. *Times Square*—Ernest Truex in a little play which reads like a novel.
- ★CANDLE-LIGHT. *Empire*. \$4.40—Good, bad and indifferent repartee in the hands of Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen and Ernest Glendening.
- ★THE CRIMINAL CODE. *National*. \$3.85—Read about the stabbing at Sing Sing? See this play and understand it.
- ★JENNY. *Booth*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Jane Cowl in a trip to Canada with Guy Standing.
- ★JUNE MOON. *Broadhurst*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Pain in both sides guaranteed.
- ★LADIES OF THE JURY. *Erlanger's*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Mrs. Fiske has her way with the jury.
- ★BERKELEY SQUARE. *Lyceum*. \$4.40—Provocative trifle, exquisitely acted by Leslie Howard.
- ★BROKEN DISHES. *Ritz*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Donald Meek as a worm that turns.
- ★YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY. *Cort*. \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Factory-made farce.
- IT NEVER RAINS. *Republic*—California real estate farce.
- THE SHIP. *Gansevoort*—St. John Ervine's post-war tragedy.
- THE GAME OF LOVE AND DEATH. *Guild*—Local Parisian politics of 1794.
- MENDEL, INC. *Sam H. Harris*—Alexander Carr doing his stuff.
- ★SALT WATER. *John Golden*. \$3.85—Frank Craven ahoy.

How's YOUR HEALTH? *Vanderbilt*—Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson on hypochondria.

YOUNG SINNERS. *Morosco*—A boy and a girl on a sofa.

HEADQUARTERS. *Forrest*—William Farnum as a Police Inspector.

Eye and Ear

★THE LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*. \$4.40—Sat. Hol. \$5.50—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, Libby Holman and "Moanin' Low."

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK. *Forty-fourth Street*—Carroll's best.

★SWEET ADELINE. *Hammerstein*. \$6.60—The gay 'nineties to music. Irene Franklin, Helen Morgan and Charles Butterworth.

★THE STREET SINGER. *Shubert*. \$5.50—A good dancing chorus, Queenie Smith and Andrew Tombes.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS. *Apollo*—Frances Williams and Willie Howard. The tenth edition.

★A WONDERFUL NIGHT. *Majestic*. \$5.50—Something like Strauss on a revolving stage.

★BITTER SWEET. *Ziegfeld*. \$6.60—Noel Coward's operetta, with the ravishing Evelyn Laye.

★HEADS UP! *Alvin*. \$5.50—Jack Whiting and Victor Moore, set to Richard Rodger's music.

★SONS O' GUNS. *Imperial*. \$6.60—Jack Donahue at his best; also Lily Damita.

★FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN. *Lyric*. \$6.60—Cole Porter's smart musical comedy.

★THE SILVER SWAN. *Martin Beck*. \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—Lovely Viennese operetta.

Movies

TAMING OF THE SHREW. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Reviewed in this issue.

SHOW OF SHOWS. (TALKIE) *Warner Bros.*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE KISS. (SILENT) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Probably Greta Garbo's last silent film, and a good one.

SONG OF LOVE. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Belle Baker and Ralph Graves in a boring rehash of backstage life.

MARIANNE. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Marion Davies' best effort.

SWEETIE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Jack Oakie's rendition of "Alma Mammy" is worth the price of admission. Also Nancy Carroll and Helen Kane. Swell fun.

BROADWAY SCANDALS. (TALKIE) *Columbia*—Scandalous.

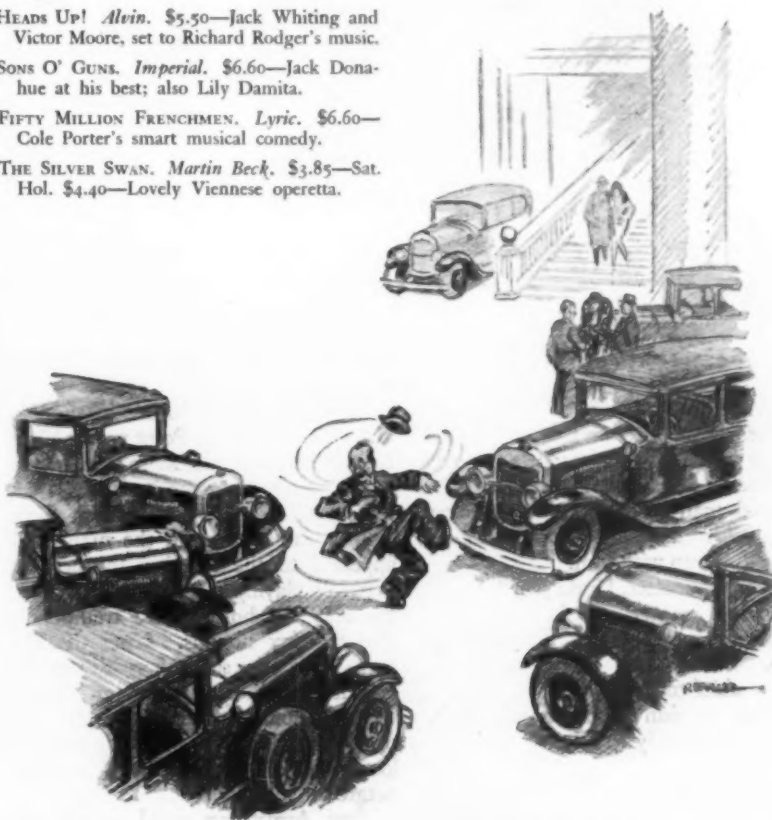
THE UNHOLY NIGHT. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Roland Young, Dorothy Sebastian and Ernest Torrence in a good *Boo!* picture.

THE LOVE PARADE. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Chevalier greets sex with a smile and a song—and the ladies love it. Jeanette MacDonald is an added attraction.

CONDEMNED. (TALKIE)—Ronald Colman escapes from Devil's Island. Fair.

HUNTING TIGERS IN INDIA. *Talking Picture Epics*—The first of a series of scientific pictures accompanied by talkie lectures. Very interesting.

(Continued on Page 30)



Peculiar action of a pedestrian at the auto show.



FIREMAN: *Hil Come along quick! The house is on fire!*

HOSTESS: *You go along first, George. You're dummy.*

—London Opinion.

Forty-Four Flat

(Continued from Page 7)

Then he stopped smiling and looked closely at Joe who had suddenly turned his back. Was he mistaken or were the old man's shoulders doing something odd? He jumped out of the car and caught up with him.

"What's a matter, Uncle Joe?"

The old man shrugged.

"Come on, Uncle Joe. Maybe I can help. What's up?"

The chief turned.

"You wouldn't understand, Rafe. I'm all right, only . . ."

"Only?"

"Only I ain't Chief in Hohancus no more, an' the tournament's next week, and . . ." He started to say something

else, faltered, stopped and stood looking off down the street.

Young Armstrong looked away. He and all of the Sound Point people liked Joe. It had been a blow to them when the horses were given up. Old Joe, tense back of the reins, driving them hell-for-leather through the night had appealed to the sporting instincts of that polo-playing, steeplechasing crowd. Joe and the horses were traditional; like the fox hounds. Now the old man had been sent after his horses, only it was different with him. There was no honored pastureland for his tired feet. There was nothing but the loneliness of a man whose village has outgrown him.

Now Armstrong could see in the light from the street lamp the chief

was under control again. "Game old cock," he thought. Then suddenly an idea presented itself to him. He took Joe's arm.

"Listen," he said. "You get in that car and come out to the house. I want to talk to you." He was thinking of the days when Uncle Joe and Toddy Phipps and he had played fire engine with the old hose cart.

The Firemen's Tournament at Hohancus was an all-day affair. Parade in the morning, sports in the afternoon. But the big event, the one carrying the tournament trophy was the hose company contest, where against time each truck started something over four hundred yards off, raced down the course, dropped a man with the hose at a hydrant and while he affixed it, sped on until the hose was unwound, then dropped another man at the nozzle, whose task it was to hit a target with the stream from his hose. For ten years Hohancus Protection Company had won this prize; with the Chief on the box shouting instructions through a silver trumpet. In the days of Dick and Harry the crowd had awaited his coming almost the way fight fans await the champion. Nowadays, though his part was minor, they still loved him and were glad he was there, and then this year he was not there; not even in the parade. He was missed. It made people realize they were getting on. It was distressing; like seeing an old landmark torn down.

"Where's Uncle Joe?"

"Heard he was sick."

Two men were talking over the heads of the crowd. A third man, hearing them, cut in. "He ain't sick, Cy. He's just too old, like you. He's through, that's what."

An old man in a faded blue uniform was passing behind them as they spoke. He heard and resisted a terrible impulse to thrust the pin of his badge where he felt it would do the most good. Then the crowd got on its toes. Hohancus Protection was at the starting line. It was the next to the last company to run and it had to beat the forty-nine turned in by Farmdale with their new La France apparatus if the trophy and the tournament were to be kept in the town.

There was a roar as the truck started, a great shrieking of the siren as it gathered speed, a breathless tension when it skidded for a second and threatened to run out of control into the crowd.

(Continued on Page 28)



Willingdrift looked down on the marcelled head on his front. He didn't see the marcelled head, or the too-bare back, shaking with sobs. Oddly enough, he saw two sandy pig-tails. They were hurrying towards him, streaming behind a panicky little girl with a bloody face. He saw a fat pony lying still on the grass beside a broken hurdle; saw himself wiping the face clean with his handkerchief, smoothing the pig-tails, saying, "Sportsmen smile, Nancy, no matter what they lose."

Willingdrift

by

Eric Hatch

*Author of "A Couple of Quick Ones" and
"Domestic Animal"*

Illustrated by Oscar Howard

Starting in next week's issue, LIFE will present a series of stories about a typical American family—the Smiths. There will be twenty-six episodes, each a complete short story, the whole, a delightful serial.

Start at the beginning!

LIFE can be purchased at all newsstands for 10 cents . . .

But, why take a chance? You might miss some of the stories. Send us your subscription and beginning with the first installment, LIFE will be delivered at your door.

Dear LIFE:

Enclosed please find \$..... for..... subscription, starting with the first January number, to be mailed to

.....

.....

.....

One year \$5.00 (U. S. & Canada) Foreign \$6.60

(Continued from Page 26)

Then it was down the course, the men were dropped and the target hit. Silence while the timekeeper clicked his watch.

"The time for Hohancus is fifty seconds."

"Ungh!" The crowd groaned. A fine howdydo! No tournament there next year now, no booming of trade. The sidewalks buzzed with the comments of disgruntled citizenry. That's what came of changing things. Should have let old Uncle Joe stay in. He made 'em work!

Many of them turned to make their way home. Then the bull bellow of the announcer halted them.

"The next and last contestant is Sound Point Protection Hose Company Number One!"

"Sound Point?"

"When did they git a department?"

"I dunno, if they wins though we

keeps the tournament. They're part of us, almost."

"Fine chance of beatin' that La France engine from Farmdale. Hel-lo, what's that?"

The conversation stopped. People craned their necks and stared up the road at the starting line. Someone up near the start laughed. The laugh caught, grew, rippled down the line, swelled into a great guffaw as the crowd got it. At the starting line was a light farm wagon with a strange gawky long-maned horse in the shafts. In the back of the cart were two young men in red flannel shirts. Then the laugh stopped for the driver was climbing onto the box. Too many in that crowd had loved him to laugh now, as with trembling hands he gathered up the reins and stuffed his huge trumpet under one knee.

Some of the people did laugh, but most of them felt like crying. It was

almost as though a caricature of their fathers had been flashed on the local movie screen. Somehow they hated to watch it.

"GO!"

With a bound so great it lifted the front wheels of the cart off the road, the gawky horse plunged forward, settled into his stride and charged down the course. Sparks flew from his flying feet and the old man on the box with his hat blown off and his white hair flying in the wind urged him on. People in the crowd hardly saw him—they saw Joe Degener tearing through the night to burning houses on the box of his shining engine and the old man at the reins saw not the great horse before him but two others whose coats were whiter than soft cream and it was these he was driving, driving again, driving through hell maybe, but he'd get 'em to the goal on time.

Spontaneously, wrung from the hearts of the crowd, came a cheer; such a cheer as old Joe hadn't heard in twenty years as they passed the hydrant and one of the men in the back threw himself out with the hose, rolled over and over and hanging on to it, jumped for the connection.

The hose spun out like a striking snake and with the end of it came the other boy, falling on the nozzle like a Dartmouth fullback. With a great lunge, old Joe heaved and brought the cart to a rocking stop just as the water from the hose crashed full on the target.

Another roar from the crowd. Silence and the announcer:

"Sound Point Protection, forty-four flat—a new record!"

The man who had jumped with the hose was leaning up against the hydrant. He had broken his collar bone, but he was laughing. The crowd milled around him. Then the doctor came.

"Mr. Armstrong!"

"Hey, Doc."

The doctor set about fixing the collar bone. But his curiosity wouldn't keep.

"Mind telling me how you managed to hang up that record?"

"Be too bad if we hadn't," said Armstrong. "Toddy Phipps was All-American halfback and that horse of mine won the Brooklyn Handicap five years ago."

"But about old Joe? How did he get in on it?"

Armstrong laughed. He said, "Oh, he's chief of the Sound Point Fire Department."

But old Joe wasn't chief of anything any more. With his trumpet beside him he had toppled into the bottom of the cart. There was a smile on his face when the doctor came to him. He had gone back to Dick and Harry.



SECOND: Say, kid, I got an idea. Next time 'e 'its yer, 'it 'im back.

—Punch, by permission.



THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Being Contributions from the Ladies

Woman—the Sucker!

A sense of humor! As a woman it's cost us twenty centuries of world dominion. Now it's the great American excuse. Every home should have one—but it must be feminine.

Whoever heard of Menelaus laughing when Helen left him . . . did Alexander snicker when Aristotle told him he'd have to change his tactics . . . Caesar didn't grin when Antony outsmarted him with Cleo . . . Napoleon didn't smirk in Egypt when even the winds played tricks on him . . . and if you think Washington guffawed after crossing the Delaware you're crazy. But when they all came wandering home late from their little discussions you can wager they all pulled the bromide, "O my wife'll understand. She's got a sense of humor." And the poor feminine things thought it was something to be proud of!

Proud! My god! And they sat home and nursed that damn thing out of its infancy into a grown-up imbecility while the men went out and did things!

After twenty centuries women got on to the idea. Heigho! They met men on their own ground. Took their little business troubles as seriously as they did. Arrived—as individuals!

And then, some nut invents this new silhouette, ties up our ideas in long skirts, makes us feminine again, and murmurs over our prostrate spirits, "O Woman will understand. She's got a

better sense of humor than a man." Sense of humor! Bah! All it takes is a sublime sense of egotism to get on in this world. Gentlemen! Here's How!
—Helen Ready.

Life Lines

Newton invented the law of brevity.

Peons are the lowest possible form of Mexican. They are usually Immanuel laborers.

A parallelopiped is an animal which has all its legs parallel.

The Eustachian Tube is the largest underground railway and is in London.

Exodus was the general who drove the children out of Israel.

Anatomy is the science which teaches us that man is an atom.

—Pearl M'Kay.

The Sentimentalist

You said, "I hate to be offending
But that's not real. You're just pretending."

I said, "Now that you've found me out
I will confess. Beyond a doubt
There *is* that element attending,
But I'm pretending I'm pretending.
And that's my safeguard, for, you see,
You'll never know, to look at me,
If I'm sincere or condescending—
Pretending I'm pretending, or pretending."

—Myra M. Waterman.

*Directions for Contributing to
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES
Can be found on Page 30*



If I put an ash tray wherever my husband dropped his ashes.

Rexall Smooth Your Shaving Troubles Away!



Betimes up, and into the bathroom smiling. Then—Klenzo Shaving Cream to speed your razor; Harmony Shaving Lotion to soothe your skin; Gentlemen's After-Shaving Powder to "velvetize" the facial ensemble. Exit whistling—"set" for the day. These Shaving Needs at Rexall Stores only. Save with safety at your

Rexall
DRUG STORE



There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 598 Madison Ave., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE

I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$.....Enclosed

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy

C Cover Charge FS Fridays and Saturdays
H Headwaiter

SMIG The price of Sandwiches, Mineral Water, Ice, Gingerale (for two)

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3rd. A swell place to meet your friends. Bob and Muriel Johnson, Hale Buyers and his orchestra, Don Alberto's Argentine Tango orchestra. C.\$3. S.\$4.00. H.Arnold. SMIG.\$4.

CASANOVA, 134 W. 52. Popular place. C.\$4. H.Louis. SMIG.\$5.

CHEZ FLORENCE, 58th St., near 8th Ave. Formerly Guinan's. You can stay up all night. C.\$4.00. SMIG.\$4.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice. Frances Mann and Frederick Carpenter dancing at tea and supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. * C.\$2. H.Adolph.

COUNTY FAIR, 54 E. 9th. Economic fun. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. H.Charlie. SMIG.\$1.85.

CONNIE'S INN, 7th Ave. at 131st. Harlem fun, late at night. C.\$2. FS.\$2.50. SMIG.\$2.75.

COTTON CLUB, Lenox Ave. at 142. Ditto Harlem fun. Ditto same prices.

DAFFYDILL, 46 W. 8th. Open 24 hours a day. Attractive place, good crowd. C.\$2. S.\$3. SMIG.\$2.50.

DOMO, 52 W. 8th. Greenwich Village night club life. Von Grona and Bouvier, Blanche Fleming. C.\$1. S.\$1.50. H.Frank. SMIG.\$4.00.

GOVERNOR CLINTON GRILL, 31st and 7th Ave. Paul Specht's orchestra. C.\$1. FS.\$1.50. SMIG.\$2.50.

LES AMBASSADEURS, 50th and Broadway. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, enough said. C.\$3.00 S.\$4.00. H.Louis. SMIG.\$4.00. S.\$4.50.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very ritzy. Moss and Fontana. * C.\$6. H.Maraschino.

MONTMARTE, 50th & B'way. Very nice and always has been. * C.\$3.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Roosevelt Hotel. Nice place. C.\$2.

RUSSIANA, 216 W. 44. Russian cabaret. Pretty good. C.\$3.00.

ST. REGIS SEAGLADE, 5th Ave. at 55th. Swell. * C.\$2. S.\$3.

TROCADERO, 35 E. 53rd. Formerly Heigh-Ho and just about the same. * C.\$3.

Records

LITTLE BY LITTLE.....This IS a tune.
SINGIN' IN THE BATHTUB.....Mediocre.
(Columbia)

SOPHOMORE PROM,
CAMPUS CAPERS.....
Fast wild dizzy collegiate rhythm and pep.
(Victor)

THEY ALL FALL IN LOVE.....
Grand lyrics, good melody, or else it's just
Will Osborn's singing.

I KNEW WE TWO WERE ONE.....
Rather wishy-washy. (Columbia)

I HAVE TO HAVE YOU.....
I have to have you boop-oop-a-doop.
AIN'CHA?.....Ain'cha. moop-oop-a-doop.
(Victor)

Sheet Music

"My Rosemarie" (Duchesse of Chicago)
"One Man Girl" (Duchesse of Chicago)
"I Mean What I Say" (Wool-Woof)
"It's You I Love" (Sons O' Guns)
"Should I?" (Lord Byron of Broadway, movie)
"They All Fall In Love" (The Battle of Paris, movie)

The Female of the Species

The Women's Press Club of New York, through the pages of LIFE, are giving the women of America a chance to prove they have a sense of humor. This contest, which started Nov. 1, will run for twelve weeks and \$1,000 in prizes will be offered by the Club for the cleverest humorous material, submitted during that time by a woman. The cleverest pieces will be printed in LIFE and regular rates will be paid for them in addition to the prizes. The prizes will be: First Prize—\$500; Second Prize—\$250; Third Prize—\$100; and six Fourth Prizes of \$25 each.

All manuscripts must be typewritten and must be addressed to Beatrice B. Beecher, Women's Press Club Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City. To insure safe return enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Material may be submitted in the form of humorous articles, essays, verse, paragraphs, or ideas for humorous pictures on any subject. Ideas accepted will be illustrated by LIFE's artists. Articles must not be longer than 250 words.



LIFE'S DOG CALENDAR for 1930

Our annual DOG CALENDAR is a very popular institution and makes a fine holiday gift for anyone who loves dogs.

6 sheets in colors. Price ONE DOLLAR. You will want one for yourself of course, and to send some to friends for Christmas.

Better order now as edition is limited.

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York
Here isdollars. Mailcalendars to

Movies

(Continued from Page 22)

AROUND
THE
WORLDON THE CUNARD
SUPER-CRUISE STEAMER
FRANCONIA
SAILING FROM NEW YORK
JANUARY 11 NEXT

Cherry Blossom Land

You will see Japan. You'll live joyous days on a florid isle where a happy smiling people play as they work, and elfin bridges span tiny lakes, lotus filled . . . where the spirit of Fuji rules everything and Cherry Blossoms flutter down like a mauve-pink snowstorm in Spring. You'll visit temples and shrines in Miyajima and Kobe, Kyoto and Nara, Nikko and Yokohama, Kamakura and Tokyo . . .

A complete world panorama. A remarkable itinerary—ports never before visited by any world cruise—Amoy, Malacca, Pasuruan, Surabaya. On the ship that has the cruising viewpoint built into her—the largest swimming pool—the largest sport arena in the field of cruising steamers. 138 pleasure-packed days—the prestige and efficiency of two world-famed travel exponents with their 177 years of experience.

Literature and full information from
your local agent or

CUNARD LINE
or
THOS. COOK & SON

\$100.00
for AD-JINGLES

here's your chance to
cash in on rhymes—
\$100.00 for each jingle
used

BEARD

BEHAVE

THOUGH STIFF
THE BEARD
THAT NATURE GAVE
IT SHAVES
LIKE DOWN
WITH
BURMA-SHAVE

The manufacturers of Burma-Shave will pay \$100.00 for each six-line jingle submitted by January 31, 1930, that is accepted for advertising purposes. Everyone submitting verses under this offer will receive free a large 35c tube of Burma-Shave, the modern scientific shaving preparation. No brush—no lather—no rub in—wonderfully fine for the face. Send today for complete details of contest and liberal free sample. Burma Vita Co., 2021 E. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.



Burma-Shave

"I want to give my husband a big surprise for his birthday."

"Why not show him your birth certificate?" —Everybody's Weekly.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

WILLIS: Is it the male or female kangaroo that has the pouch?

GILLIS: Male, I suppose. The female probably carries a cigarette case.

—Pearson's.

**CROWN
LAVENDER
SMELLING
SALTS**

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

Florida's
Best Known Hotel
The Flamingo
MIAMI BEACH
Sunshine Playground
Famed for its service,
cuisine and unsurpassed
location.
American Plan
C. S. KROM
MANAGER

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund takes pleasure in announcing a Christmas Gift of \$500 from the Algonquin Hotel, 59 West Forty-fourth street, New York City.

LIFE's FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-two years. In that time it has expended \$476,000.00 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 52,000 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor city child.

Previously acknowledged	\$41,552.52
Mrs. D. C. Flint, Tucson, Ariz.	5.00
Marmaduke Maxwell, Winchester, Oregon	10.00
The Algonquin Hotel	500.00

Total \$42,067.52

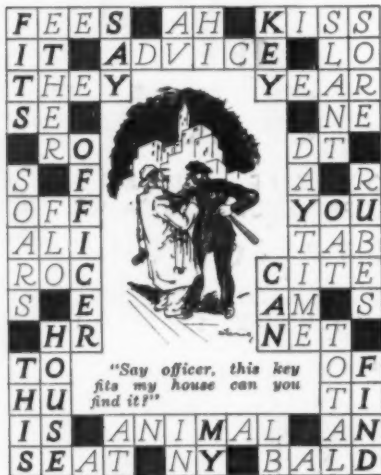
This represents 2073 separate contributions, and of course completes the work for the year 1929. You have helped us very generously, brethren, and much good has been accomplished for the children, and we thank you very much. A Happy New Year to you all!

Answers to Anagrams

on page 5

- (1) Ready.
- (2) Insomnia.
- (3) Butler.
- (4) Genuine.
- (5) Chinese.
- (6) Ancestor.

Winners of LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 15



1st Prize of \$50.00 won by
Lee Hamilton,
1425 Rosewood Avenue,
Louisville, Ky.
*"Naw, I'm a police officer, not a
house detective."*

2nd Prize of \$25.00 won by
H. H. Reddall,
164 Columbia Heights,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
A noble experiment.

3rd Prize of \$15.00 won by
Mrs. John M. Diven,
18 Colline Avenue,
Troy, N. Y.
*Another baffling problem faces the
police.*

4th Prize of \$10.00 won by
Anna Hunt,
122 N. Baldwin Street,
Sierra Madre, Calif.
*The key to the situation is in the
other hand.*

"Here today—
gone tomorrow"
THAT'S LIFE
on the newsstands

Why take a chance! Just sign the
nice little dotted line, enclose your
check, and let us do the rest!

Name 620

Address

1 Year (United States and Canada) \$5.00
1 Year (Foreign) \$6.60

LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 20

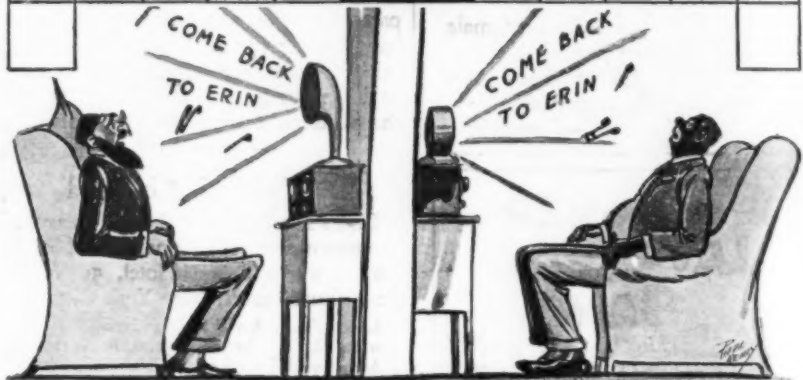
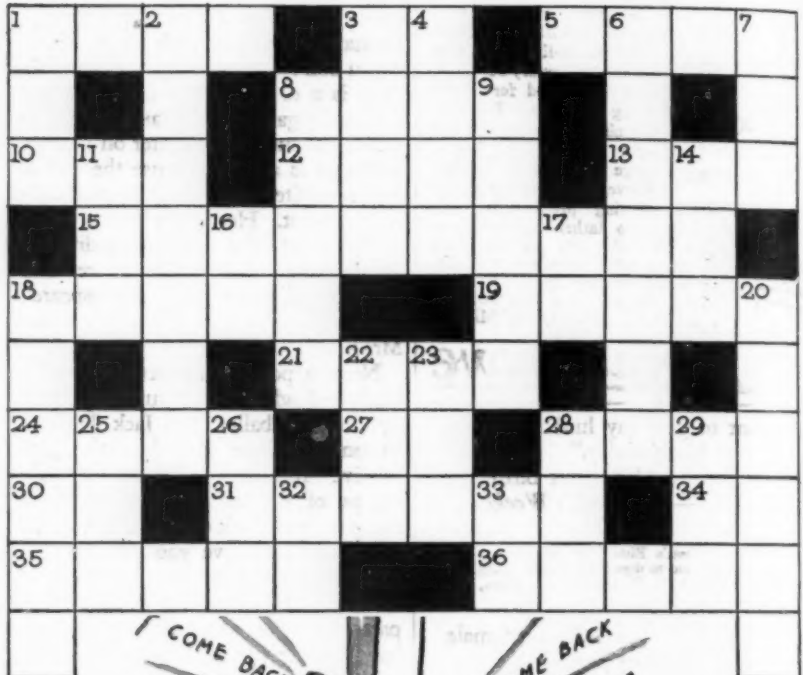
\$100.00 In Prizes Every Week

1st Prize \$50.00, 2nd Prize \$25.00, 3rd Prize \$15.00, 4th Prize \$10.00

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of
which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

The prizes will be awarded for the cleverest explanations by those who have correctly
solved the puzzle. In case of a tie the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each tying
contestant. This contest closes, LIFE Office, noon, Jan. 10. Winners will appear in the Jan. 31
issue.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York.



HORIZONTAL

1. You'd have to go some to get ahead of this kind.
3. This is always going abroad. (Abbr.)
5. What the pan-handler does.
8. It will take a long time to arrive if you do this.
10. The great American skin game.
12. What Lady Godiva did.
13. This is very colorful.
15. This lets you in on a party.
18. This is always on top.
19. This exercise never reduced Paul White-man.
21. What sailors leave behind when they go to sea.
24. There's lots of foot work done on this.
27. No one would like this mark. (An abbreviation.)
28. Where lots of laundrymen come from.
30. Either.
31. There's something in this that goes up.
34. Football position. (Abbr.)
35. What wise men do with a LIFE subscription. (Adv.)
36. What you see in a toothpaste ad.

VERTICAL

1. This comes in layers.
2. Devilish people.
3. This gets the coin.
4. There's foam on it but it won't cheer you up.
6. Shoots.
7. What all work and no play makes you.
8. What Alice would do nowadays in the looking glass.
9. To do this you must have restraint.
11. A good thing to give a breezy young man.
14. Everything comes to this.
16. Where the hams come from. (Abbr.)
17. A familiar pronoun.
18. This should be watched by heavyweights.
20. What you'd be with a 50% raise.
22. This needs a keeper.
23. This is often boiled.
25. Part of the verb to be.
26. Definite article.
28. You wouldn't want this to give you a pair of socks for Christmas.
29. A kind of wind.
32. This comes before "gee."
33. Like.

DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT
IN STYLE AND ACTION



The new Willys-Knight Great Six possesses an individuality which sets it apart from other fine cars. This individuality is revealed not only in grace of line, harmony of color, luxury of finish and refinement of detail, but also in a new and higher order of smooth, masterful performance.

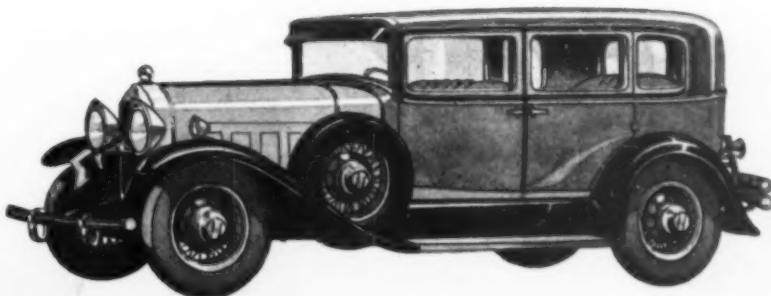
WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

Willys-Knight
GREAT SIX

*Sedan, Roadster, Coupe,
5-passenger Coupe—each*

\$1895

*Six wire wheels and trunk rack
standard equipment. Prices f. o. b.
Toledo, Ohio, and specifications
subject to change without notice.*



Judges of Quality



"One thing you can say for the men—
they know a good smoke."

Their judgment has made Camels the
most popular cigarette in the United
States.

Camel

CIGARETTES *End*

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